

Coosen, on wednesday next our Counsel we will hold
At Windfore, so informe the Lordes:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be said and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will, my liege.

Exeunt.

Enter prince of Wales & Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Fals. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde sacke,
and ynbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping vpon benches
after noone; that thou hast forgotten to demaund that truely
which thou wouldest truely know. What a deuill hast thou to
doe with the time of the day? vnles houres were cups of sacke,
and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Baudes, and
Dialles the signes of leaping houses, and the blessed sunne him-
selfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured taffata; I see no rea-
son why thou shouldest be superfluous to demaunde the time
of the day.

Fals. Indeepe you come neere mee nowe *Hal*, for wee that
take purses, goe by the moone and the seuen starres, and not by
Phoebus, he, that wandring knight so faire: and I prethe sweete
wag, when thou art king, as God saue thy grace: maiestie I
should say, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Fals. No, by my troth, not so much as will serue to bee pro-
logue to an egge and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fals. Mary then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not vs
that are squires of the nights body, bee called theeues of the
dayes beautie: let vs bee *Diana's* forresters; gentlemen of the
shade, minions of the moone, and let men say, wee bee men of
good gouernement, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble
and chaste mistresse the moone, vnder whose countenance we
steale.

Prince. Thou saiest well, and it holds wel too, for the fortune
of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the sea,
being gouerned as the sea is by the moone, as for prooue. Now
a purse

a purse of gold most resolutely
most dissolutely spent on Tueda-
lay by, and spent with crying, br-
as the foot of the ladder, and by
ridge of the gallows.

Fals. By the Lord thou saist tr-
of the tauerne a most sweete we-

Prin. As the hony of *Hibla*
not a buffe Ierkin a most sweete

Fals. How now, how now n-
and thy quiddities? what a plag-
Ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe ha-
the tauerne?

Fals. Well, thou hast cald he-
and ott.

Prince. Did I euer call for the

Fals. No, ile giue thee thy du-

Prin. Yea and else where, so I-
and where it would not I haue v-

Fals. Yea, and so v'd it, char-
thou art heire apparant. But I pr-
gallows standing in England wh-
tion thus subd as it is with the rust

the law, doe not thou when thou

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Fals. Shall I? O rare! by the

Prince. Thou iudgest false al-

the hanging of the theeues, and

Fals. Well, *Hal*, well, and in
humour, as well as waiting in the

Prince. For obtaining of fute-

Fals. Yea, for obtaining of
hath no leane wardrob. Z blood
Cat, or a lugg Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lyon, or a lo-

Fals. Yea, or the drone of a L-

Prince. What sayest thou to a